

THE BETTER WAY

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THE BETTER WAY

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EDITORIAL.

A NUMBER of New York physicians are investigating music as an auxiliary in the treatment of nervous disorders, and suggest a place for "the soothing language" in the *medica medica*.

WE CALL attention to the article on the fourth page, "Excerpts from *Après la Mort*," the able work of Leon Denis, a French author of marked ability. The translations are remarkably pure, and though all our readers may not fully agree with the philosophy of Leon Denis, they will enjoy the article. There are other shorter extracts from the same work, by the same translator, to follow.

A LIBERALIST who opposes Spiritualism without knowing anything about it is not true to his profession. Spiritualism is not presenting ideals or theories to the world, but facts, and the Liberalist who refuses to look at facts is a more bigoted bigot than his creedal brother. The latter may be excused on the ground that he is either under coercion or is ignorant, while the former claims to be free from both.

THE true seeker after spiritual life, says "Current Literature," will find in James Martineau the apostle, the revealer of an inner world that has lain too long in the darkness of doubt. Mr. Martineau believes that spiritual perception is as important as sense-perception. He has left the external world and taken the soul into his daily thought, making sure that the latter is the most powerful, and by it external things are weighed.

FOR the many most kind and flattering notices of our brethren of the press and numerous correspondents, the editor desires to express his heart-felt thanks. The old home-feeling has returned to us, for we enjoyed the association of the editorial fraternity for some fifteen or more years, when our head was less white, and before our heart had been consciously touched by the ministrations of our angel friends. We shall try to deserve at least one-half the kindly congratulations of our contemporaries. *Par vobiscum*.

"CAN a Unitarian be saved?" asks a Calvinistic brother, to which Rush R. Shippen replies, "Yes, if you mean from this world's deviltries, pollutions, and meanness. But may we not ask in response, 'are you saved?' Certainly not from superstitious fear of an angry God; nor from pagan traditions that fill the grave with haunting horrors; nor from heresy-hunting bigotry that splits the Church, and separates you with unbrotherly prejudice from many good men!"—What the Calvinistic brother will say to this is difficult to infer.

THE Pastors' Union, of Columbus, O., has adopted resolutions concerning funerals, which are in accord with modern thought and progress. First, they disapprove of pastors going to the cemetery after services have already been held over the remains of the departed. Then they advocate less pomp and the discontinuance of "viewing the remains" after the present fashion. Also, that pall-bearers and members of the family be a sufficient escort; and that expensive floral decorations and mourning costumes be dispensed with—the former in their opinion not being a testimonial of grief, and the latter out of harmony with Christian faith and duty.

IN a recent sermon in Detroit, Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., said that "the growth of anti-materialistic isms has undermined the foundation of a materialistic philosophy." * * * Spiritualism numbers its followers by the million. It is recruited from the ranks of those who have lost faith, or who have no faith practically. We have the remarkable developments of hypnotism and telepathy, which have undermined the basis of matter on which they had before predicated a denial of spiritual reality. * * * The de-

velopment of modern thought, in other words, has undermined and destroyed the foundations of materialistic philosophy. Its force is becoming daily more apparent in the destruction of theological creeds. Both Materialism and old Creedalism are perishing under the living ministrations of the spirit world.

THE Methodist General Conference in session at Omaha was intensely excited recently over the report of a committee condemning the action of Congress and President Harrison for passing and approving the unjust Chinese act. Hot denunciations leaped out of the hearts and fell from the lips of staid leaders and well-known divines. Political partisanship was just as hotly denounced, the animus of opposition to the act being its rank injustice in discriminating against a nation and people living in harmony and under treaty stipulations with us. Is there an underlying American conscience approving honor and justice, which refuses to become the foot-ball of a low partisanship? We shall see.

LOVELY in her beautiful wifehood; the pride and glory of her idolizing husband; she wrestled in the pains of maternity, and was crowned with the glory of motherhood, only to be crowned again with angelhood, after a few short hours! There was crape on the door of the home and crape over the smitten hearts of the household. Has she gone? No! Her love will hold her loyal to the soul of her earth-mate, and to the cradle of her own, the motherless one. Unseen by the vision of the mortal her love, which blossomed so hopefully, will have a ripe, fruitage in the serving ministry of the spirit. In the re-union and the active service of the spirit it is to be found the true solace for earth's sorrows and afflictions, and the key to many of the mysteries and changes of the mortal life.

THAT brain-weight is no certain index of mental power is illustrated by Dr. J. Simms in "Carrier Dove" by the following examples: Grote, the English historian, had but thirty-nine ounces of brain matter, while an ignorant laborer named Rustan possessed seventy-eight ounces. To prove that his theory is not based on exceptional cases he cites many others. Bishop, the mind-reader, and Gambetta, the French statesman, possessed a brain-weight of forty ounces each, while a stupid negro, executed for murder, possessed seventy ounces, and a three-year-old child sixty-seven. Gall, the German physician, had forty-two against seventy-three in an Indian squaw and seventy in a born imbecile. Dante, the poet, had forty-six, against sixty ounces apiece found in mechanics, soldiers, and laboring men. The elephant averages 200 ounces.

THOSE who are seeking to close the World's Fair on Sundays because of their tender consciences, have been circulating petitions through several of the Western States, obtaining signatures favorable to their views. The "N. Y. World" has a special from Chicago stating that petitions were entered from the States of Ohio and Michigan, containing the names of several hundred thousand more than appeared in the last United States census of these States. The Michigan petition contains a fabulous number, and shames the census—or the managers of this Sunday business. We think the latter. Is a Puritan Sunday of more importance than truth or moral honesty? Can the crime of wholesale forgery be condoned by closing the doors of the Fair on Sundays in order that ministers may not preach to empty pews, and the saloons gather a harvest of victims and shekels?

INNOCENT recreation and amusements, the natural outlet of the youthful and more developed mid-age nature, have long been forbidden and denounced as sinful by the orthodox creeds and Church disciplines. A life of sober gravity—a species of continuous penance either for Adam's sin or one's own inheritance of nature, has been deemed essential to a truly religious life. The sharp prick of the thorn was a necessary adjunct of the smell of the roses in life, as the smart of the thorn necessarily mingled with the sweet odor of the flower the pungency of discipline, and

thereby restrained "a child of wrath," from becoming too grateful for his natural gifts.

Our orthodox Methodist brethren have been among the most punctilious of sects in enforcing their rules against dancing, card-playing for amusement, theatre attendance, and like recreations. Imagine then the surprise of the old fathers and mothers of the Methodist Israel at the adoption of a memorial to the General Conference, by the Troy Annual Conference, asking a modification and a liberalizing of the section of the discipline of the Church, relating to amusements. The memorial was introduced by a minister, was signed by five leading clergymen of the conference, was endorsed by the venerable, but progressive Bishop Foster, and passed by a large majority. It simply seeks to take the whole subject of amusements out of the hands of clerical and lay bigots, leaving to each person the determination of the right or wrong of his recreations and amusements. Bigotry and superstition are slowly dying, and the voice of God in nature is finding tardy acknowledgment.

"THE DEVIL'S DOCTRINE" is what the Chinese call Christianity. In a proclamation issued by the revolting ones in the upper districts, the Christian religion is thus described:

They gather a congregation of devils, of devil's children, and devil's women, and every seven days they have a Sunday, when they worship the head of the devils. * * * They have a representation of the devil, the whole body naked, with only a loin cloth, nailed on a cross. They say this head of the devils was murdered by persons who quarrelled with him. So the devils, the devil's children, and the devil women all compassionate him and pity him. The truth is the Chinese spirits have in sundry places descended to the earth and written by the planchette on tablets, and written planchette books, clearly stating and saying that Jesus in life was exceedingly infamous, exceedingly wicked, exceedingly perverse, and because he committed great crimes was executed by the ancient devil king of the Toa Te a kingdom. The judge of hades placed his ghost in a dark region of hell, and brings the ghost out once a day to receive corporal punishment. Two thousand years have since elapsed. Never will Jesus' ghost see the day.

When he was nailed to the cross not an atom of injustice was done. The devils, the devil's children and the devil's women, when they die, all go to hell, and when dead will reap sorrow while alive they dream and say Jesus, the perverse devil and all the perverse devil teachers go to heaven. Are they not more stupid than pigs?

Commander F. M. Barber, U. S. N., in charge of the United States steamer Monocacy, has written a letter to the "N. Y. Press" relative to the present situation in China, and among other interesting facts gave a translation of the whole riot-inciting circular, of which the above is an extract.

A GRANDMOTHER'S ARM.

The superstitiously devout of this country and Canada have just received a new sensation. It is nothing less than finding in a gold box—which has been guarded by the popes of Rome for centuries, even before popes were elected to dominate over the consciences of their faithful followers—a portion of the corpus of the grandmother of Jesus of Nazareth, on the maternal side. This precious relic—the part of the arm of a Judean grandmother—reached New York on Sunday, the 1st inst., passed the custom house inspection safely, and not even its custodian, Mgr. Marques, was required to recognize in bonds as a foreign competitor of the successor of P. T. Barnum in the Joice Heth business, under our late law regulating immigration.

The box and the relic were exposed to view on Sunday in the French Church of St. Jean Baptiste, and the dispatch says that thousands crowded to view the relic. Doubtless! The grandmother's name was Ann; her history is not as well preserved as the parts of one of her arms; for another piece is on its way to New York. There is comfort in the thought that the supply of this kind of merchandise is equal to any credulous demand, and that Rome and the Pope will furnish all that will be necessary "to increase the faith of the Catholics in America."

This particular portion of the grandmother's arm is destined to repose in a Canadian Cathedral "on the banks of the St. Lawrence!" The piece now en route is to be deposited in "the basement" of a French Church in New York. Call the basement a vault and the entombment would be natural and appropriate.

Seriously! Is this the last decade of the nineteenth century, or are we yet in a mummy stage of the fifteenth? Is the Catholic faith to be increased and its communicants multiplied by such monstrous, unnatural, and degrading Munchausenisms as this latest relic story discloses? We have had "holy coats," with their faith-cures for both moral sins and physical diseases, but the miraculous preservation of an old Judean grandmother's arm; its devout guardianship by successive popes for indefinite centuries, and its transportation to this new world at the time when faith is being supplanted by knowledge, and credulity exists only where ignorance reigns, is certainly a tough morsel for even the faithful to digest.

FACTS ARE THUNDERBOLTS.

The Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston, has been furnishing the pages of the "Arena" with what to the ordinary churchly and creedal mind is known as phenomena, and if fully believed by such minds is classed under that unlimited, undefined, unknown region of speculative chaos, termed the miraculous.

Mr. Savage is a careful, critical student, fairly open in his mentality, to the study of all facts phenomenal or otherwise, and with a moral honesty of nature which compels confession of the truth as he understands or comprehends it.

As a theologian he naturally is interested in the study of soul or spirit, or whatever it be which gives life, individuality, mental and moral states of consciousness to the race. He intuitively accepts the fact of immortal, conscious life for all personality, and accepts also the broad sweep of the truth, recognized to-day, that all life is natural; that is, that it is according to well-defined, but not well-understood laws, which run parallel with its ceaseless being.

The manifestations of that life, especially on its exoteric side, have long occupied his attention and careful study. He is too broad a man to relegate a fact, or an alleged fact substantiated by credible testimony to the limbo of "mystery," or of mythical Satanic parentage. Ghosts are as powerless to frighten him as are creedal shruggings of shoulders, or denunciations to restrain him in the laudable work of reaching facts and their true causes.

His pulpit utterances have aroused the torpid souls of commercial and fashionable Boston, and all New England; have found place in the columns of the secular press; and are discussed in literary and social circles, but most of all in the home. His "Remarkable Cases," which appeared in the March number of the "Arena," and are continued in the May issue, are so clever and concise in statement, so well fortified with data, and so corroborated by correlative testimony that even the poor, soul-starving bigots of creed and a pulseless Churchianity are forced to give them attention.

All that Spiritualism has claimed, and now claims of intelligent minds, is that its facts—phenomena, if you choose to call it so—shall have a fair, candid, impartial examination. It stands or falls upon its facts. Neither one nor ten thousand pervertors or deniers of its spirit origin can avail to stay this wave of intelligence which is breaking upon earth from the eternal sea of life beyond the mortal boundary. It will appear, and in that order and form of manifestation which will best conserve the end had in view by the directing angels.

If the gospel of Jesus was a benediction of hope to the sad and broken-hearted, and its freedom, hope, comfort, and inspiration have become subjects of commercial traffic and churchly aggrandizement, this later gospel of life—so full of all that the Nazarene taught, and more—has come to wage a restless warfare against mammon and mammon-worshippers in the Churches and out of them. Its plans of battle are framed by intelligences not envired and burdened by earthly plans. They come in obedience to well-known laws, and they manifest their forces in their own way without human, creedal, agnostic, or philosophic dictation.

He is wise who, with an open, candid soul, examines, watches intently and carefully, and accepts what is proven to be fact. Because Mr. Savage seems intent upon that plain duty, we say to him what the brother of Nazareth said to another enquirer: "Verily, thou art not far from the kingdom."

WILL CHINA RETALIATE?

As we intimated, the purpose to change permanently the entire policy of this country in relation to immigration is being hurried to fulfillment. The Chinese bill, modified a trifle by a sturdy opposition disclosed in the Senate, has passed both houses of Congress, has gone to the President and has received his approval, making it the law of the land.

While it is an act of practical exclusion to the subjects of the Chinese nation, with whom we are in treaty stipulation, it goes further and requires a police surveillance of such Chinese as are among us, and entitled to the same protection and liberty of person accorded to all other immigrants seeking a home under our flag. The details of this surveillance as set forth in the act, are of the spirit and tenor of the monarchical governments of Europe, before they felt the touch of the liberalizing angel of this age.

It is legislating backward, and this country can not afford to do that. It is unjust to ourselves and the well-known, long-established usages of our government. It, by a supremely selfish act, practically abrogates treaty stipulations with a government which granted the concessions we asked, because of our historic liberality. It is special legislation, the bane of good government, and a standing menace to society. It is the opening of a door through which will stalk the demons of class legislation, the handicapping of citizenship, personal espionage, and class distinctions.

If the influx of foreigners of all nationalities into this country has reached a stage where denationalization is threatened, where our distinctive American institutions, and the use of our mother tongue, as well as our clearly defined customs are imperilled; and if our vast public domain has become so much absorbed by this immigration that no fertile acres will be left for our sons and daughters, then let our immigration laws be modified upon general and just grounds, so that the honor of the country and its people who constitute the government shall remain untarnished.

The Chinese government has just grounds for retaliatory measures, and that, too, without consulting our government or the wishes or interests of our people. If we exclude, so can the Chinese Government, according to its forms, exclude all American citizens, or at its pleasure place any whom it may permit to abide on Chinese soil, under a system of surveillance and annoyance totally foreign to the spirit of the age. In so doing, even the advocates who have sustained and voted for this law of exclusion must admit both the justice and the sense of governmental honor involved in such a step.

We are glad to record the fact that statesmen of long and valued experience in both Houses of Congress spoke and voted against this partial, discriminating, unjust, special legislation against a nation with whom we have large commercial relations, have been and are at peace and in full treaty stipulations. There are no laurels to be gained for our government in the course now being pursued towards China.

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

Brethren of the Christian pulpits of America and England: You profess to follow and to teach the moral and social philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth, and are, by profession, seeking to establish on earth the supremacy of his teachings. You proclaim a division of humanity based upon the moral nature of individuals. That division is in essence essentially psychic or spiritual, the result of a simple act of the soul nature, which you term "faith." By its exercise or non-exercise, in a particular direction and covering certain beliefs, acts, and intellectual processes with their exterior voicing, the gates of your churches are opened to admit "the saints," and are closed against all the rest of the race, they becoming to you and to the Churchly organizations "sinners."

Jesus did not establish Churches. He founded a philosophy of life. Jesus did not establish or approve, but condemned caste, or divisions based upon either intellectual or technical religious opinions, or faith. In the philosophy, as in the

religion of Jesus, there is no sex and, consequently, no special discriminating laws or standards by which personal, social, and moral laws can be modified, toned, shaded, or abrogated, because of the sex of the individual.

You claim to have created Christian society as it exists to-day, and that the Churches have created the dominating social atmosphere and fixed the standards of moral judgment now existing in society. Sexes are essential to society. There being no sex in morals, in religion, in the essential elements of justice, charity, love, and spiritual as well as physical purity, why have you not reformed society by elevating it to the natural plane of equal justice, charity, love, and spiritual and physical purity? Why do you not disclaim—in your ministering to the class saints—against their denial in practice, of the very fundamentals of the philosophy of Jesus?

Is crime or sin against the law of social and personal purity, double-sexed, with double standards of judgment? Is a leper any the worse or better leper because of sex? Why then do your social society "saints" take the masculine leper to their homes and hearts, cover his soul nakedness and moral rottenness with the agis of your own saintly professions and profuse apologies, and cast the feminine leper into the gehenna of social and moral ostracism? And why are you, brethren, the teachers in saintly class circles, dumb and powerless before the Churchly "saints" who create this social standard of judgment, and who are among the first to, metaphorically, stone the feminine character to a death from which there is no resurrection to a pure, womanly life, while you and they live to preach, to rule, and to dictate?

Nature, and nature's God give but one law for all. That law as applied to the soul or the body, is purity, or cleanliness. Voiced in the family it teaches monogamy, the one male, the one female, the dual making a unit whole, cemented and welded by a love, which in its sweetness and purity resembles the divine. This union creates an equality of the uniting dual persons. Masculine assumptions of superiority or power, belong to a social philosophy which antedated that taught by the great teacher of Nazareth, to wit, the Jewish. It has survived the blow struck it in the philosophy of Jesus, because you, brethren of the pulpit, and your "saints," have welded the old Mosaic creeds and social life upon the later philosophy of Jesus, which you profess supplanted it. Hence the Old Testament Scriptures are bound with the New, and have equal authority over your consciences and the consciences of the "saints."

Hence, also, the perpetuation of that old libel upon conjugal unity and equality, found in all your marriage ceremonies, requiring one half of a unit whole, to obey the other half. Hence the unjust, partial, and inhuman laws which the "sinners" of society have been modifying and liberalizing for a century. Hence, also, the male lepers who walk with lifted heads up the aisles of churches without a blush, to listen to an emasculated gospel from you, while their poor, erring victims suffer a life of ostracism and shame.

There is no sex in sin. Jesus had no condemnatory words for the poor victim of man's lust and brutal selfishness, but he hurled his heaviest denunciations against the saintly lepers, who made broad their phylacteries in order to cover the moral and social rottenness of their natures and lives.

Brethren of the Christian pulpit, why not follow both the philosophy and the life of the man and brother, whom you adore as God!

A German inventor has devised a means of producing a light superior in strength to either oil or electricity. It is by means of air driven through pumice-stone, the latter having been impregnated with benzine. The benzine gas thus obtained is then carried through a fine magnesium powder, and proceeds upward through a pipe to be consumed in a small flame of a claimed 400,000 candle-power. The apparatus consists of a blast-engine for driving the air through the pumice, and a number of other accessories, all of which take up but a small space.—English Mechanic.

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NOTES FROM MY DIARY OF SEANCES.

I have often thought I would try to put in the simply form of a continuous narrative a portion of the personal experiences of several years during which I have been a seeker for light on the question, "If a man dies, shall he live again?" The combined result of which have been to compel me to set in answer to the query of friends, "Yes, I believe he does," and I am a Spiritualist, because I can not be otherwise in the light of facts almost unnumbered and otherwise inexplicable.

To begin, I was born and educated in a small country village, under the shadow of the orthodox Church, and my life-long friends have never ceased to wonder and lament that I should ever have strayed beyond this shadow into the forbidden fields of free thought, and I suppose will never believe me other than a deluded and dangerous apostate from the faith of my fathers, since my regard for truth compelled me to request that my name be dropped from the roll of membership of the church, of which I had been a member for twenty years or more of my early manhood, but of the truth of whose creed I entertained not only the grave doubts of earlier years, but the positive disbelief of a more mature mind and extended experience even before I ever dreamed of being a Spiritualist. I was more nearly a Universalist and free-thinker, with a strong bias toward Materialism, or, at least, Agnosticism, or with no settled convictions of actual truths, but very real objections to the manifest untruths as taught by the orthodox creed in particular. Of Spiritualism I was profoundly ignorant, experimentally I mean, though familiar with its theories. I believed its facts were unreal and its conclusions ridiculous and absurd in the highest degree.

Indeed, it still seems to me that without its facts, no sane mind could accept its theories, and I can never understand how my friends can rest in peace and satisfaction in religious beliefs and convictions, based upon the testimony stated in the Bible two thousand years ago by unknown witnesses, and at the same time deny the evidence of millions of living men and women, who to-day record the working of the self-same power, which was, according to the record, manifested in ages long since past, so that he who questions or denies the truth of these living witnesses, ought, if consistent and logical, to refuse credence to the record of the past, which says, "God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," and, "There is nothing new under the sun," "That which is now hath been, and that which shall be, hath been of old time."

It was in the summer of 1887 that I attended the campmeeting of the New England Spiritualist Association, and in the course of the day found myself among an audience of entire strangers in a large public hall, where, perhaps, two hundred persons were gathered at a so-called test-circle. I had never attended one before, and was mentally commenting upon the ease with which the so-called tests could be manufactured and dispensed to the elect faithful ones of the camp, when the medium, whom I never saw before, approached me and said in substance: "I see your grandmother standing by your side." To which I replied if so, I would like her fully described, since she died before I was born, and left not even an old-fashioned deguerretto behind. The medium answered: "That was your father's mother. The one I see is your mother's mother, and lived in the family when you were a child, and passed out when you were about twelve years old."

That is correct, I said, will you please describe her as fully as you can. She then proceeded to give as complete and perfect a description as I myself could have done from my own memory and a good picture which I had in my home. I was surprised, and no doubt showed it; but I informed her that I had been reading of and experimenting in mind-reading and thought-transference, and believed that her real or apparent knowledge was drawn from my own mind and absorbed by hers, unconsciously to us both. I then requested her, if possible, to prove that such was not the case, by telling me something which I did not or could not myself know, yet which I could verify later on. To which she replied that my condition of mind prevented her from seeing anything farther at that time for me, and advised me to see her alone at some future time.

Within a half an hour another medium, whom I never saw before, approached me, and, laying her hand upon my shoulder, said that she felt impelled to do so by an influence she could not explain or resist, but did not know why.

She asked if there was anything wrong about my shoulder, to which I replied that she ought to be able to see it clearly, if there was, and I would prefer not to answer directly. She then closed her eyes for a moment, and presently said: "Oh, I see now what it means, there is a spirit present who causes me to do this. He was a soldier in the late war—a relative of yours—and his arm was shot off at the shoulder joint. He shows me by his uniform that he was an officer, and I get the idea that he was

not killed outright, but died later in consequence of the wound. It was done by a shell."

Well, I answered, I am sorry to wreck your theory, but it can not be true, since I had no such relative in the army, and my only relative died from disease, and was never wounded at all. "You are mistaken," she said, "and time will prove that I am correct in what I have said, and you will tell me so." I replied, "If I find you are right, I will certainly tell you if I ever see you again."

On my return home I told my family these strange circumstances, and my mother started up in surprise, saying, "My God, if I could believe it possible, I should think that came from George."

This was the name of the husband of my mother's youngest sister, and though I had no recollection at that time of since of the facts connected with his death, and did not at the time of the test being given to me by the medium have a single thought of him in my mind, yet, I was informed by my mother, that the statements were all correct. This uncle I had never seen but once or twice in my childhood, and his widow did not long survive his death, consequently it was not strange that his personality did not impress itself deeply upon my memory to be recalled at the suggestion of the medium, but what became of my former theory of mind-reading?

Certainly it would require a great deal of stretching to fit these facts, and the second part of this day's experience, seemed well adapted to supplement the first and lead me to a consideration of the question how far thought-transference can be imagined to extend in such a case.

In a subsequent chapter of this narrative the reader will notice what seems like confirmation of the spiritual theory, pure and simple, by an evident reference to this test given through another medium, and purporting to come from this same spirit by name. This, however, did not occur until about eighteen months later. During the interval, my oldest son, a lad of fifteen, was taken sick with what at first did not appear serious, but in two or three days developed into an unmistakable case of cerebro spinal meningitis, from which he died after some twenty-four hours of apparently intense suffering, of which, however, he was probably unconscious, since he appeared insensible to all else, and was speechless and blind.

The following campmeeting season I again met the medium who had described to me my grandmother the year previous. Apparently she did not remember me, and I avoided so far as possible giving her any hint concerning myself, but merely asked her to give me a seance privately with my wife, who was near at hand. This was on a Sunday afternoon, and the camp was crowded with people who had largely come from the surrounding towns for the day. She replied that every hour of that day was fully engaged, and that we must come some other day, adding the statement that our spirit friends were anxious we should come and give them an opportunity to communicate with us. Of course, I replied, probably betraying by my manner, my rank skepticism. She said, "You do not believe? I will show you that I have good reason to ask you to come again, you have a son in spirit life, his name is F. I see him as plainly as I do you. (The name was given in full). You also have two uncles, the brothers of your father, their names are C— and M—, (given in full) the first was a minister, the other a smart business man. You have a son named after those two uncles, C— M—, they tell me he is here on this camp ground, and if you will come again they will try to show you what I am saying is true, they are here in spirit, though invisible to you. I see them, and I tell you these things that you may at least know that I am in earnest in what I say, and that if I had time I could tell you much more." Here we were interrupted by the call of parties who had already engaged her time, and making an appointment for another day, I left her, to wonder how on earth she knew these things, since there was no ordinary way in which I could account for the possession of such knowledge. The mystery was deepening, and my opinions and convictions as to Spiritualism being wholly fraud and delusion, too absurd for serious attention, was becoming rather less pronounced than it was a year before.

What occurred at the next meeting, I will make the subject of a subsequent chapter. To the best of my knowledge and belief, this medium had no knowledge of my name or residence, certainly not from me. From whence they came, this evident acquaintance with names and character of my relatives who had been dead thirty to forty years?

WHO HAS THE KNIFE?

To the Editor of The Better Way.
I am very much pleased and interested in reading the many priceless articles published in your columns. I also note the progress being made by the mediums; and though thoroughly convinced of Spiritualism as a fact, and the only religion I ask or care for, I am often surprised at the seemingly ridiculous phenomena published. But this does not retard study and investigation; and while so many of your readers have

kindly given us their experience, I thought it my duty too, to relate a strange experience four of us had, of whom three are skeptics and know nothing of Spiritualism.

I had working in my department an old gentleman by the name of M. Cassidy, who met with an accident—the 17th of last May—by losing a thumb and two fingers in the planer. Blood poison set in, and he lived but one week. A short time previous to his death he told me that should he pass over before I did he would return and manifest, if it would be possible for him to do so. About the time he died, a large pocket-knife was placed on the bench of one of my workmen, and we are still unable to find out who the knife belongs to. The knife remained on the bench and was used by the workman for marking and cutting on patterns. Finally the knife was missing for a few days, but returned again. The disappearance of the knife was so frequent that the workman began to think strange of it, and began a secret investigation, and when the knife was missed or was returned, would mark it down on the calendar. In this way it was found the knife would go away every alternate Wednesday night and return the following Friday, between the hours of 12 m. and 1 p. m., while the men were eating their lunch within fifteen to twenty-five feet of the bench. The matter was then made known by the investigator to the other workmen as well as to me. The two-weeks pay-roll ends on every alternate Wednesday, this being the time the knife disappears. So March 16th being the day for its departure, we made the first test by locking the knife up in a tool-chest, and the key was taken home by Mr. Michaelis. The next morning about all the men were in ahead of Mr. Michaelis. When he came the chest was opened, but the knife was gone. This being the case, the matter became very interesting and called for a positive test. I then took the matter in hand. When Friday's 12 o'clock whistle blew, the bench was cleaned off and even dusted as well as examined by all the workmen on the floor, five in all, and reputable persons, hungry to solve the mystery if possible. We all partook of our lunch, and just before the whistle blew for work, we went to the bench, and there laid the knife in the same position it was always placed on its return. This added new interest to the matter. Two weeks rolled around and another pay-roll closed, this being March 30th, last. I made a box out of pine five-eighths inch thick, ten inches long, seven and a half inches wide, and three and one-eighth inches deep. I nailed it together with two-inch wire-nails, leaving the lid loose. I then requested each of the other investigators to choose an answer to some problem, which was done, and at 4 o'clock and thirty-five minutes, had them come into the office and enter the answer to the problem, twice on tracing linen and sign their names below the answer. I did the same. This made four private seals, one inch wide by five and five-sixteenths inches long. I placed this tracing linen with names, etc., in the blue-print frame and took one copy from it. Then opening the frame handed the original to one of the workmen, who set fire to it and it burned to ashes. The blue was washed and cut into four strips, and each party received his own copy.

The skeptic will say, they had two copies, this we care nothing about. At 4 o'clock and ten minutes, March 30th, I called all of them to the bench where the knife lay. I picked it up, thence after examining it, handed it to another, and so on until all had handled it. Then I asked one to lay it in the centre of the box, I placed the lid, picked up the box and shook it. The knife rattled in the box, I raised the lid and all saw the knife again. I replaced the lid and drove six two-inch wire nails through and into the box, thus making the lid secure. The box was shaken and the knife rattled again. Then the four seals were glued and cemented on—one at each end and one on each side. The ends lapsing one inch on the lid and one inch on the bottom. By shaking the box we were satisfied the knife was on the inside of the box. We stopped work quarter after five o'clock when the whistle blew, and we started for home. The box was shaken again and all were satisfied the knife was where we had placed it. On our return Thursday morning, the knife was gone, and is still gone—six weeks having elapsed since. The seals could not be duplicated from the fact that the original was burned, and again it requires sunlight to make blue-prints, and there was no chance to make any copy between suns. The seals are to-day the same as when the knife was placed in the box. Now allow me to say that the box has been examined by probably a thousand people, and no one can detect even an attempt to break the seals, and not one of the four whose names are on the private seals would even attempt a wrong or exchange their word or oath for any one else. The affidavits can be had if desired. This happened in a large concern in Newport, where many men are employed, and within gunshot of Fountain Square. The other three not being believers, requested me not to publish their names, but my name and reputation is open to all, so hunt it up.

D. C. MEKKER.
Bellevue, Ky.

MY EXPERIENCE.

I have been requested to give my experience in seeking the light which now illumines my soul, in the hopes that it may encourage others to also make themselves acquainted with the glorious facts of immortality, though I can not detail it as I would, when realizing that that dreaded messenger, death, had laid its icy hands on my darling Jennie. Neither tongue nor pen can portray my agony, though an every-day event in this world. But since I have passed through it, and now realize that our loved ones are not dead, I would write on every drifting cloud in letters of gold: "Seek and ye shall find."

There are many who are anxious to investigate, but unwilling to sacrifice either time, money, or trouble to do so. To such I can only say: "You don't want to know but are afraid."

I always have been a believer in Spiritualism, but when my darling wife passed out of earth life, and I could no more see her around me, nor hear her precious voice, nor read of the love in her eyes, I began to realize that believing was not knowing—that it was easy to believe something we fancied, but not so easy to acquire a knowledge of that belief. I found that the latter required an effort, and I spared neither that, time, nor money.

As an illustration, I would ask the skeptical reader if he had a notion of raising vegetables, would he not seek a location favorable to their growth—i. e., comply with the laws or conditions needed for the purpose? And if he didn't know, would he not ask somebody that did know?

So there are conditions required to effectuate spirit-communion—the first being to find a medium, and if your spirit friends can not communicate through one, seek another and another, until you find the doorway that opens for the one you desire to commune with, or see, or hear. Love should not be discouraged by one or two failures. The nearer the medium approaches the spirit sought for in temperament, characteristic, or intellectual harmony, the more perfect the conditions and consequent results.

How I suffered before I knew that beyond the portals of death I would meet my Jennie, I can not describe. But who would not suffer or sacrifice something for this knowledge?

One great drawback to this investigation is the prejudice bred and born in us for ages back through our ancestors, and intensified by those who assume to be our spiritual teachers. But the seeker after truth can not afford to question his right to continue. He must plod over the road rough shod and light will dawn ere long.

Translated for the Better Way.
IN FOREIGN LANDS.
H. B. KINGSHURST.

"Constancia," a spiritual publication of Buenos Ayres, has recently put on a new dress and appears now weekly instead of monthly. It has a notice of a Spiritualist society, composed of single and married ladies mostly, called "Jeanne d'Arc." They are required to place themselves under orders of the Red Cross (Cruz Roja) in case of civil or foreign war.

This journal criticises some attacks of the Catholic publication of that city—"El Mensajero del Corazon de Jesus"—on Spiritism, especially a very ludicrous allegation that it has a tendency to promote suicides.

The number for March 6th contains excellent editorials on "The purpose of Spiritism" and "What our system of propaganda is."

The archbishop, Dr. Aneiro, has presented to the national government a request for the repeal of the law permitting civil marriages. Action severely condemned by "Constancia La Fraternidad," published in Buenos Ayres, in issue of February 25th, has a communication from Pulro Gaggini, giving an account of some remarkable experiences in slate-writing, etc.

The correspondent, among other things, says: "On New Years day I put into a box a card of congratulation addressed to my control. After an hour had passed it was not to be found in the box; it had been removed. In the same box I then placed a flower, which disappeared in ten minutes, and so small bunches of flowers and cards placed there would disappear; some in ten and some in five minutes and some in a few seconds. In view of such astounding results I put in the box a glass with a bunch of jasmynes. To our great surprise in half an hour the flowers and glass had disappeared. In what way? The box was there in full view, closed and locked with a key, and we saw nothing pass or go out. How shall I prove to you that all this stated is absolutely certain? I do not know. Seeing is believing."

Minnie Johnson, the seventeen-year-old girl from Wayne County, who set fire to the State Reformatory for girls at Indianapolis in March, has been sentenced to five years in the woman's prison. She was dared by two other girls. Though a dare is not punishable by statute law, it will prove that it is by natural law. Conscience will punish the other two.

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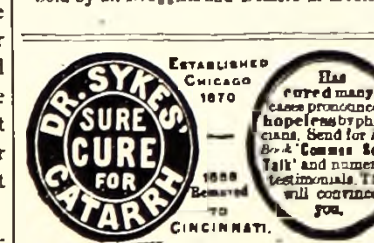
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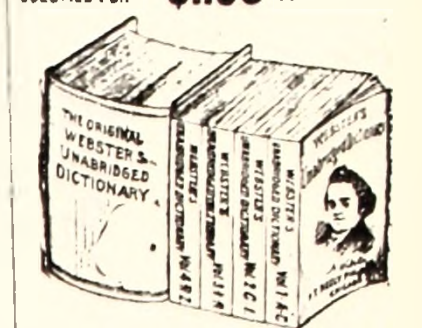
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